



*the*  
***Register***

**WINTER 2013**







# the Register 2013

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*The Register* is published twice a year by the students of the Boston Latin School. Students in Classes I through VI are invited to submit their original writing and artwork. Pieces are selected by the Editorial Board of *The Register* on the basis of quality, not name recognition; the writers of all pieces remain anonymous to the Editorial Board during the selection process to ensure that no one is given an unfair advantage.

# The Register

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL  
VOLUME CXXXV

WINTER 2013

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*outside cover*      **UNTITLED**, GRACE ANDERSON, III

*inside cover*      **UNTITLED**, NICOLE SMITH, I





*Icarus*

SADIA BIES, 1 • MULTIMEDIA

# Teacup Friends

We brew cups of tea and remember them thirty minutes later. The water is still warm when we pull out the teabag, but the liquid is thick and smells bitter. We drink it anyway; the syrupy liquid coats our throats and stains our stomachs. We drink it anyway, because we took the time to make it.

We figure they are like that—bitter, forgotten cups of tea that we invested so much time in making. (We even give them names. Earl Grey. Peppermint. Breakfast Blend. Chamomile.)

Chamomile was the first to go, clipping the hair above his ears, buttoning himself up inside a black pea coat, tying it all up with a noose-like scarf around his neck.

Inside we mourned, but we also laughed about how ridiculous this all was. As if the way he wore his hair determined his newfound spite. As if the pea coat was a rite of passage, a ticket to better things.

But then Breakfast Blend, Peppermint, and Earl Grey followed, cutting their hair to leave their ears vulnerable to the wind and buttoning four years of friendship inside their pea coats. (It's the buttoning that kills.) They finish off with a scarf, like a bow on a Christmas present. They burn us with their tongues and make us cry with their taste, but we hold onto them anyway, since we took the trouble to make them.

— Eleanor Montgomery, I







*Doll in the Attic*

AURELIA PAQUETTE, I • SCRATCHBOARD



# *shuffle*

I always wear my iPod on the train. Call me anti-social, but I just prefer people-watching to people-listening. Blocking out the screeching and humming white noise with rhythm. It's chaotic enough being stuffed onto a Green Line train humid and hellish and hardly ever comfortable. I put my ear phones in and hit shuffle.

Click

"Daughters" by John Mayer: A woman sits with a little girl on her lap, probably her daughter. The woman has on white-washed ripped jeans and a revealing tank top, which looks out-of-place on the worn skin of a 40-year-old. At least I'm guessing that's her age. She has curly hair tangled with shiny gel hanging limp around her shoulders. You can tell she was pretty as a young girl. The kind of woman with a cigarette in her hand and the words on her lips drawled in a Boston accent. She rests her chin on her daughter's head and whispers something into the young girl's ear. A smile plays on the cherubic cheeks and the child claps her hands with delight. Probably no older than five. She eats Doritos and babbles as little kids tend to, but the woman feigns understanding. I smile, she's a good mom.

"I know a girl, she puts the color inside of my world"

Click

"Posse" by Kimbra: A gaggle of girls stands to my left, 15 or 16, I think. They all have eye-makeup applied heavily in an attempt to make them more appealing. I think it makes them look like raccoons with bleached-blond hair. But I mean, that's just one opinion. A few of them have on cut-off shorts with rips and tears for edgy flair. Girls with down-to-there shirts and up-to-there cleavage, probably going to go flirt with boys and make decisions they'll regret tomorrow. I wonder if some of their mothers even know where they are. I wonder if the girls know that they do not have nearly enough fabric to cover themselves with. I wonder why they're doing this to themselves. One of the girls near the back looks a little more jittery than the others, her big, blue, doe-eyes all mascara-d and lined in dark hues. I feel bad for her, maybe I'd even say something, but she meets my eyes and shoots me a look.

"I don't want to be, be in your posse girl, it's not my scene"





Click

"99 Problems" by Jay Z: a man in a suit and tight-fitting tie sits across the row. Crew-cut and freshly-shaven face, an ideal all-American guy. Probably played football in college and majored in economics. He reads the newspaper, but the occasional tensing of his jaw tells me that his mind isn't focused on current events. He checks his phone and I look over his shoulder. I'm nosy, what can I say. It looks like he's fighting with his girlfriend. They must have dated for a long time; he looks upset. He cracks his knuckles a lot and his hands are fumbling, but strong. The kind of guy who oozes kindness and naivety. He must work in the business district, with his iPhone and briefcase. The sadness in his soft brown eyes would make anyone pitiful. I hope they figure things out.

"If you're having girl problems I feel bad for you son"

Click

"Primadonna" by Marina and the Diamonds: an older woman stands a few feet down, gripping a hanging ring. Her hair is pulled back tightly and the makeup caked on her face is reminiscent of the teenage girls I had seen earlier, only she is worse. Coats of mascara heavily cover every spidery lash and her nails, pink and sparkly, dangle from her fingers like talons. The berry lipstick she's wearing is feathering and something about her feels tired. She holds a single rose in her hands, wrapped in paper to keep it fresh. She stands proud though, tall despite her diminutive stature. There's a sparkle in her eyes that is easily lost behind the foundation and eyeliner. There's a light, knowledge in her from years of living and years of feeling. The woman looks a little bit too posh for doing typical grandmother things like baking cookies, though. Maybe she's trying to relive her youth, make up for her lost time. Either way, I really like her purse.

"Primadonna girl, all I ever wanted was the world"

Click

"Mad World" by Tears For Fears: the conductor calls out my stop and I make a move to the slowly sliding doors. As I weave through the bodies small and large, I can't help but wonder what others see when they look at me. Sitting on train with my headphones in and a disinterested countenance, probably the typical teenage stereotype. I wonder if they see my face and guess my story and ask themselves what I would be like. I watch all the people reflected in the blackened window as we glide through Boston's underground.

"All around me are familiar faces, worn out places worn out faces, bright and early for their daily races. Going nowhere, going nowhere"

Click

— Vivian Herbert, IV







*Untitled*

KARI CHAN, I • DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY



# Leopold Runs So Slow

Arms out like a flying squirrel, Leopold crunched across the gravel with his Sketchers. He felt like he was in one of those comic books his older brother, Chris, was always reading, the ones with the girls in bright, skintight costumes, and the men with bulging muscles and red capes. Leo swooped around his driveway, his lips blubbering together to make the noise of a helicopter's propeller, then to send the vehicle down in flames, exploding in a shower of spittle.

"Look at Leo!" Casey from next door exclaimed, pointing to him from the kitchen window. "He can't even catch up with that leaf!" The said leaf skittered along the pavement, Leo trundling after it, lopsided and limping.

"Casey, don't point," her mother admonished, frowning. "It's not his fault. And how would you feel if someone was making fun of you?"

"I'm not making fun," Casey pouted stubbornly. "I'm just saying he can't even catch up when he plays tag with Maura, and she's only three!" Her mother's silent reproach was enough to turn Casey's back to leave her window seat. Just as she was turning away--"LEO!" Casey shrieked. "MOVE!"

Leo turned like a revolving door, just in time to see the car barreling down the street. The driver was distracted, barking into his Blackberry, a black silk tie cinched in a perfect knot at his throat, sunglasses perched on the bridge of his nose, even though it wasn't sunny. He looked up from his phone to see the lumpy boy in a red t-shirt, spinning painfully slowly on his heel like the globe on its axis. The driver slammed an expensive Italian leather shoe on the brake, and his hand on the horn, looked around wildly for help: he saw a little girl in the kitchen window of a house, her mouth open in a scream he couldn't hear, and a woman, presumably the boy's mother, her arms pumping as she careened towards her son.

Leo's eyes were wide; he saw the car, his mother, Casey, the leaf he'd been chasing, still tumbling down the sidewalk faster than he'd ever gone, with or without a red cape. He didn't feel like a superhero anymore and wondered why he ever thought he could be.

*I can't even catch a leaf.*

Leo closed his eyes.

— Lian Parsons, II





# He & Him

He crosses the threshold into the living room and takes a look around. He stands in the center of the floor amidst a sea of huddles people form at such events to keep each others' egos warm. He has no patience for such irrational social formalities and barely acknowledges the separations between these people. He has no "friends of friends," has no "acquaintances." He knows within 87 seconds of meeting someone whether he will remember his or her name, and has no space in his mind to keep information on rejected applicants. He walks over to a slightly warped and thus wobbly card table, shoves some folded napkins under two of the legs and pours himself a beer from the nearest half filled pitcher.

A friend leads him into the living room and everyone's eyes remain distinctly diverted from him. The crowds of people block him out and eject him from the main floor, forcing him to stalk around the perimeter, keeping close to the wall. People don't often remember his name, or tell him theirs, which makes second interactions particularly challenging. A woman in a gray dress stumbles into him, spilling her drink and knocking him to the floor where the spill is closest to him already so "cleaning it up will only take a minute and by the way you can call me-" and then she's left him. The napkin has soaked through and is wetting his hand when his friend comes by, picks him up and hands him a glass of white wine because beer doesn't agree with him.

He swallows his beer and pours himself another one, finishing the pitcher, and waltzes out onto the floor. He begins a series of approaches and retreats, firmly adhering to his 87 second cap, neglecting to remember a single name. He makes his rounds like a camp counselor checking beds. He keeps a mental check list of certain intolerable traits: idiosyncrasies, patterns of speech, social sensitivities. He measures each subject against this list and rules every one valueless. In his search, he walks alone, refusing to feign engagement in conversation with those who don't measure up. He skillfully avoids the reckless notion that this may be in some way his fault.



His half-empty glass of wine keeps him company on the back wall. People don't often approach him or ask him questions. The wall supports him. A feeling of inadequacy overwhelms him and the usual anxiety begins to surround him. His fear isolates him, rendering him incapable of the kind of social interaction required. These feelings are utterly unavoidable.

He gives up on finding an intellectual equal and makes his way back to the drink table. Once he pours himself another beer, he heads to the back of the room. And leaning back to be supported by the wall, he finds himself leaning on a man. He apologizes to him, and is surprised by his mild and cordial reply. He expected him to have a negative response as he would have responded violently and rudely. He starts a conversation with him and finds himself too enthralled by him to keep his checklist in mind. He spends the rest of the party with him, and makes a plan with him for the following night. On the way out, he holds the door for him and they go their separate ways.

They meet again the following night and have a lovely dinner. He talks a lot, but that doesn't bother him very much. They make another date for a week later, and continue on in a similar fashion. They have dinners. They go to the zoo. They don't go to parties, admitting to one another that they never fit in. He loves him and this makes him feel good. He talks and tells him stories of his life, and he feels heard by him. They walk in the park. They have brunch with his friends. They drink beer and white wine and make happy look like truth. Meanwhile, he always sees it as something that it can never be for him. He loves him: something that seems impossible to him. Without realizing it, they avoid any discussions of current topical importance. He tells him all about his past and listens to him remarking on these stories. All he knows of him is what he's chosen to share, a few token stories from which he has pieced together a personality. They learn these versions of themselves and each other. He loves him, and that starts to scare him.

One September afternoon, on a day too chilly to walk in the park, he tells him he wants to talk. To him, this means something that has been a long time coming. He has something a little different in mind. They sit down and he is smiling, confusing him. He begins to speak about the progress of their relationship and how much he loves him and how great they are together and "well, my lease is up in a few weeks anyway. So, I was just thinking-" and he looks up at him, only to find tears in his eyes. He grabs a napkin and begins drying his face because from his understanding of him, these are tears of joy.

They remain silent for a minute. And then he listens to him and watches as the chair empties itself of him. Now, he sits at the wobbly table with only a soaked napkin to dry his face.

— Anna McColgan, I





## *Harbor Islands*

SADIA BIES, I • MULTIMEDIA





# THE ASTRONAUT

I've always liked astronauts. There is a strange romanticism attached to someone who finds the entire world so mundane that they feel compelled to leave it behind. (I hear that the word mundane comes from a Latin root meaning "earthly." Figures.) They need more. They need the universe. They need everything that ever was and ever will be.

My husband is an astronaut. As a child, I wanted to become one too; I wanted to fly through the stars I saw in the sky and I would be able to leave my little world behind. But as I grew, my world also grew, and I realized that there was more than enough to explore and discover on this planet. I had my love, the astronaut and we lived in a tiny cottage where I played wife and he played husband. And though my world was small again, it was perfect.

But of course, he had to suit up and take off. And I got left behind.

Most nights, I sit in our--my garden and look up at the night sky through the cheap telescope. I watch the stars and know that he is up there, flying among them and I wish for them to bring him back.

But I know that to him, this world will always be mundane, and I will always be left behind.

—Anonymous





# wrong.

Look at me and see  
Nothing in particular  
But tattooed void on canvas  
Splattered, sporadic,  
Scattered pigment on my skin  
Where's the image?

You don't see it.

Burst and bubble, baby,  
An anomaly  
So what if I loved,  
The curve you formed with your lips?

You never did see me.

Evanescent flings  
Brew bitter, boiling, collapse.  
Enamored with thought,  
I formed the figments with my fingers  
A clash of pigments  
And violent convulsions  
Of lines and figures.

Prettiest picture,  
You never did see.

— Gloribel Rivas, III



*Jazz Cat*

YE "AMY" YANG, II • COLORED PENCIL



# WE OF THE STAGE

Our life blossoms from those who watch us; our existence stems from their pleasure.

The ripple of a laugh keeps us going while a cry moves us on and

We are puppets; commanded by those we

Imitate. We give the power of the world to them.

But the stage is our domain, we dictate every change. We are in control while we are being

Controlled.

Our words are our gifts back to the onlookers; they cascade

Off of our tongues and leave

A taste in our mouths, sweet or bitter.

We whisper life into the unliving, we sing the unsung

Tune. The sound of us resonates in every corner

And crevice; the whole world hears us and they are forced to listen.

The curtain rises and we are born; nothing holds us back and we have

One chance to communicate. We transform and the audience disappears, morning matures

Into night in the span of two hours, and lightning crashes

with no rain. The smell of dirty shoes on a tired day

Fill our nostrils and we feel the warmth of a hug from a mother

Who is younger than we.

We see the pain, the agony, the freedom, and the joy on the faces of best friends

that we just met and don't yet fully understand.

We see, hear, smell, touch and feel but

We are not alive.

The scripts are our bibles and they always get the last word,

But the markings our are own unique contributions.

The costumes are our time machines; they bring us back and create

A majestic illusion of what has been or what will be. The set is our home. It's

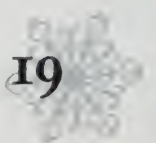
familiar. It is our beautifully orchestrated world. The tape on the floor is our fortune teller that nobody sees but

We.

We sleep without sleeping, we starve without hunger, we die while still living.

We of the stage are deathless.

— Anna Schuliger, II







*Sad Woman #4*

YIRAN BUCKLEY, I • DIGITAL ART

## ..... *automatic* ...

i.

"So, where are you from?" The boy leans toward me, questions swimming in his eyes. I smile.

"Oh, I'm from Boston."

"No, I mean, where are you *from*?" My smile falters as I realize where this is going. It's an all-too familiar conversation, one I've been having since I was old enough to reply.

"Do you mean where was I *born*?"

"Yeah."

"I was born in China."

"Do you speak Chinese?"

"No."

"Does your family speak Chinese?"

"No."

He looks befuddled. I sigh.

"I'm adopted."

"Oh!" I see the light bulb over his head go off in a shower of sparks. "Do you know who your real parents are?"

Like, your *real* parents?"

My temper flares. I stifle the urge to throw something.

"You mean my *biological* parents?"

"Yeah."

"No."

"Oh."

There's an awkward pause. I have learned to wait it out, to prepare my next automated response.

"When were you adopted?"

"When I was a year old."

"Did you live in an orphanage?"

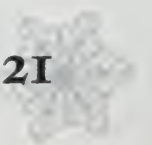
"Yes."

"Like in *Annie*?"

Rolling my eyes seems appropriate.

"No, not like in *Annie*."

"Oh."





ii.

A woman hobbles past me, a plastic trash bag of aluminum soda cans slung over her back. She looks ancient, but probably isn't older than mid-fifties. She's wearing a thin floral blouse, buttons slightly skewed, pastel pants at an unfashionable cut and length, a white bucket hat with an elastic snapped snugly under her chin, her bangs cut bluntly across her forehead. Is this how people think I'll look in thirty years?

iii.

"You know," my dad says, casually forking his chicken at dinner, "if you were biologically related to me, you and your brother wouldn't be half as smart, and half as good-looking." I laugh, but secretly wish he would give himself more credit.

iv.

My brother puts on his best Asian accent – "Fri' ri' one dollah" – and asks if I can do it too. I say I can't, when what I really mean is I won't.

v.

"You're really different," he says to me. I'm doodling in the margins of my homework and glance up, surprised and flattered.

"Am I?"

"Yeah. You're not like the other Asian kids I know."

"Oh." This again.

"I don't really know why you are, though," his pencil taps, harsh and staccato against his textbook as he thinks.

"You just are."

"I know," I say.

I know that it's something in my speech—the cadence, the lack of an accent. It's something in the way I walk with my heels, the way I move my hands like the conductor of some mad orchestra, something no one can ever quite put their finger on.

But it's enough to make me 'really different'.

vi.

My friends like to tease me by calling me things like "Banana," "Twinkie," and "Whasian," things that mean "yellow on the outside, white on the inside." It's easier to laugh and accept it than to explain why I don't meet their eyes when I do.

vii.

"You look beautiful today," my dad tells me, looking up from his book as I'm about to head out the door. I strike a melodramatic pose.

"It's in my genes," I joke.

— Lian Parsons, II



*In Uganda*

GRACE STYKLUNAS, II • OIL



# On Conformity:

## *A Broken Dream*

Anis bore the weight of tradition from a young age. He was five, and it was the first time his father told him that his responsibility in life was to become a doctor. He didn't understand the importance of this moment, that his path in life was clearly laid.

"You must, Anis," his father mustered in broken English, "bring your family happiness."

And as the years lagged by, Anis excelled in his schoolwork. He mastered math and science classes, but dreaded every second of them. All he saw were emotionless numbers sitting on paper, staring back at a boy whose best friend was creativity. He loved English class, when his teachers would tell him to let the art spark from his fingers. He'd found he had a way with words. He shaped and played with them, tossed and turned them into verbal delicacies. He escaped into this world, embraced this love that had no boundaries or expectations while surpassing all his own.

Often he wrote about his own family. He dreamed up wonderful beats and swaying hips, the smell of curry on every crowded street corner, and beautifully painted elephants dazzling in gems. He saw horizons embracing children and Indian soil bathing, basking in sunlight. He imagined his own rigid father, whose character crumbled under the American Dream, embracing a land that accepted him with pride, a land where his only son wouldn't be crushed by the expectation of keeping his family name alive.

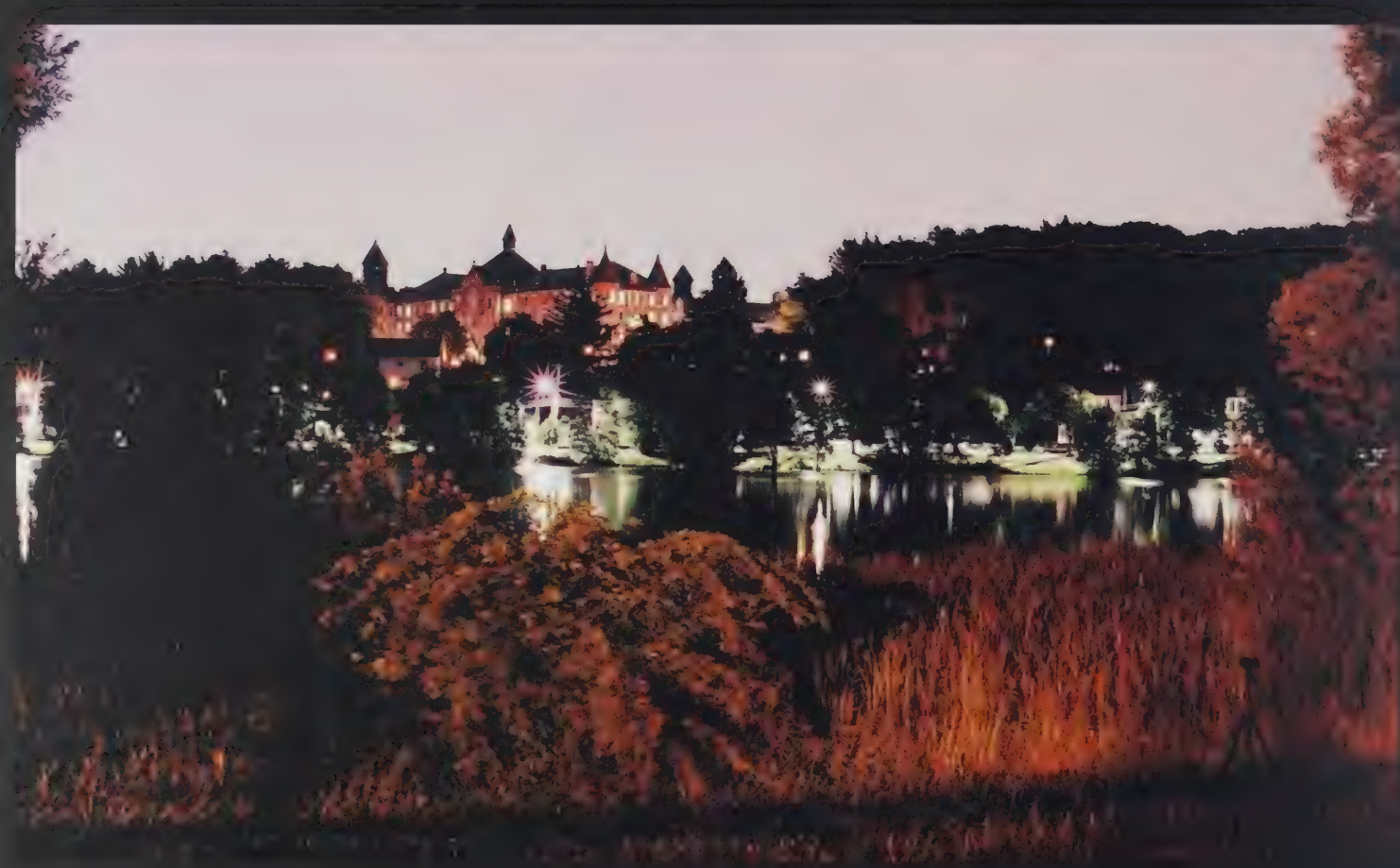
And sometimes, Anis still believed his father never wanted to force him. Never wanted to hide behind expectations, never wanted to turn swiftly, tears in his eyes, after reading his son's stories. Never wanted to sacrifice his little boy's eyes, full of life, for a world full of broken dreams, full of empty promises.

But now after so many years had flown by, a 52 year-old Anis stood by a coffin in a bleak room and looked down at his lifeless father. His expression was somber, pain hid in his wrinkled face, fingers folded meticulously over his starched white shirt.

His father had gone, always plagued by the idea of ruining his son's life. And Anis sat in a corner of his office, a box full of childhood wonder in his desk, next to a PhD that weighed a million pounds.

— Alexandra Zuluaga, II





*St. John's Seminary*

ALEX YUAN, I • FILM PHOTOGRAPHY



# Swan Song

She was a phase of life, the breeze skipping tides across hidden down feathers of a duckling who had not yet learned that he was a swan. She was lush, vibrant wildgrass, and torn strands swept south in the summer. She promised to stay here forever, and then she was gone.

---

I remember wisps of feelings, though memories of names, days, places—they elude me like birds in the spring, soaring high above the trees. What silly creatures, they must think, to be rooted to the ground when they could grow wings! It must be so simple for them to spread their wings like arms, and with a leap of faith, to embrace the sun. Or perhaps birds have the same fears as humans do: that one day, arms will grow from their bodies like bundled branches instead of wings and, just as Icarus to the sea, lifted momentarily to the heavens for one last glimpse of the earth, they will plummet. Hearts rushing, currents roaring past with rough caresses—they fall.

For the longest time, I've known nothing but falling.

Sometimes I feel a light warmth wrap itself around my shoulders, the winds threatening to whisk me away in gossamer silk. I hear laughter—soft, low bubbles that tremble with mirth and fill the air with song. It's a beautiful sound, if a sound can be beautiful, and my heart races with an intensity I never knew existed until the air catches in my throat and I am no longer breathing, only living. My chest clenches, but it is a sweet pain that swells and sparks like lightning to my fingertips, and she is familiar in a way that only I know, in the warmth of her embrace and the sweet sound of her laughter.

But memory is cruel, and in an instant, she disappears. The only warmth left is the remnant of a summer sun; the only reminders are snatches of the bittersweet melody. Her laughter is no more than a passing breeze, and her song died years ago.

— Jane Zhao, II



*Birth of Venus*

SHIRLEY FANG, II • WATERCOLOR







*Untitled*

CLARE DUCKWORTH, III • DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY



# PERSEPHONE

I fed her  
pomegranate kisses

and she cried  
at every frozen sunrise  
for 180 days.

With cracks in my heart  
and souls  
caught in my hair  
I counted 180 more.

— Eleanor Montgomery, I





*Mother*

AURELIA PAQUETTE, I • ACRYLIC





*Clarinet*

JULIA PRYSE WORELL, I • PEN

# *an impure white*

She was painted with an impure white.  
Her soul was damned within.  
The unspoken lies of the truth she told  
Were always invested in something to bring.  
What she would do was most indecent,  
Something only for the brave.  
She would prowl around when it got dark  
Helping people with no names.  
What she did was anything,  
Just as long as they asked.  
To fulfill their desires, to fulfill their needs  
Was something most often asked.

And many asked her who she was,  
And so she sighed many times.  
Because every time she would say the same thing,  
“I am me but in your eyes.”  
She would walk away with a tear in her eye  
And her hand covered in black.  
And as she walked step-by-step  
The black would turn to white.

—Elsa Jaysing, V







*Contemplation V*

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# The Labyrinth

Walls filled with the sound of voices  
Meaningless clamor echoes  
Thoughts erupting with endless choices  
Always looking forward, she goes

Surrounded by soundless conversations  
Left to realize what they all don't know  
Each of them making the same observations  
She sees what they miss, but lets none of it show

Some turns and paths become lapsed  
They move in a pack, she travels alone  
Towards the end, the barriers have collapsed  
Leaving the question, is there ever an exit out to the unknown?

— Nora Cameron, III





## *Look Up*

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# See of No Worries

Have you ever seen a molecule?  
An atom? Proton? Quark?

When I look at my finger  
I see trillions of subatomic particles.  
Yet I see nothing, no individual,  
not even with a microscope.

Zoom in a little more.  
What are quarks made of?  
Is it just another universe,  
filled with life we know nothing of?

Zoom out.  
See our sun, our system. See our galaxy. See our universe.  
Are we but a quark? And to what, then?

Come into focus.  
See your life. See the world around you,  
waiting to be changed.  
Even if you are a part of something bigger,  
even if you're dreaming this life up,  
you're not on that level yet.

Stop looking.  
See.

— Jack O'Halloran, III

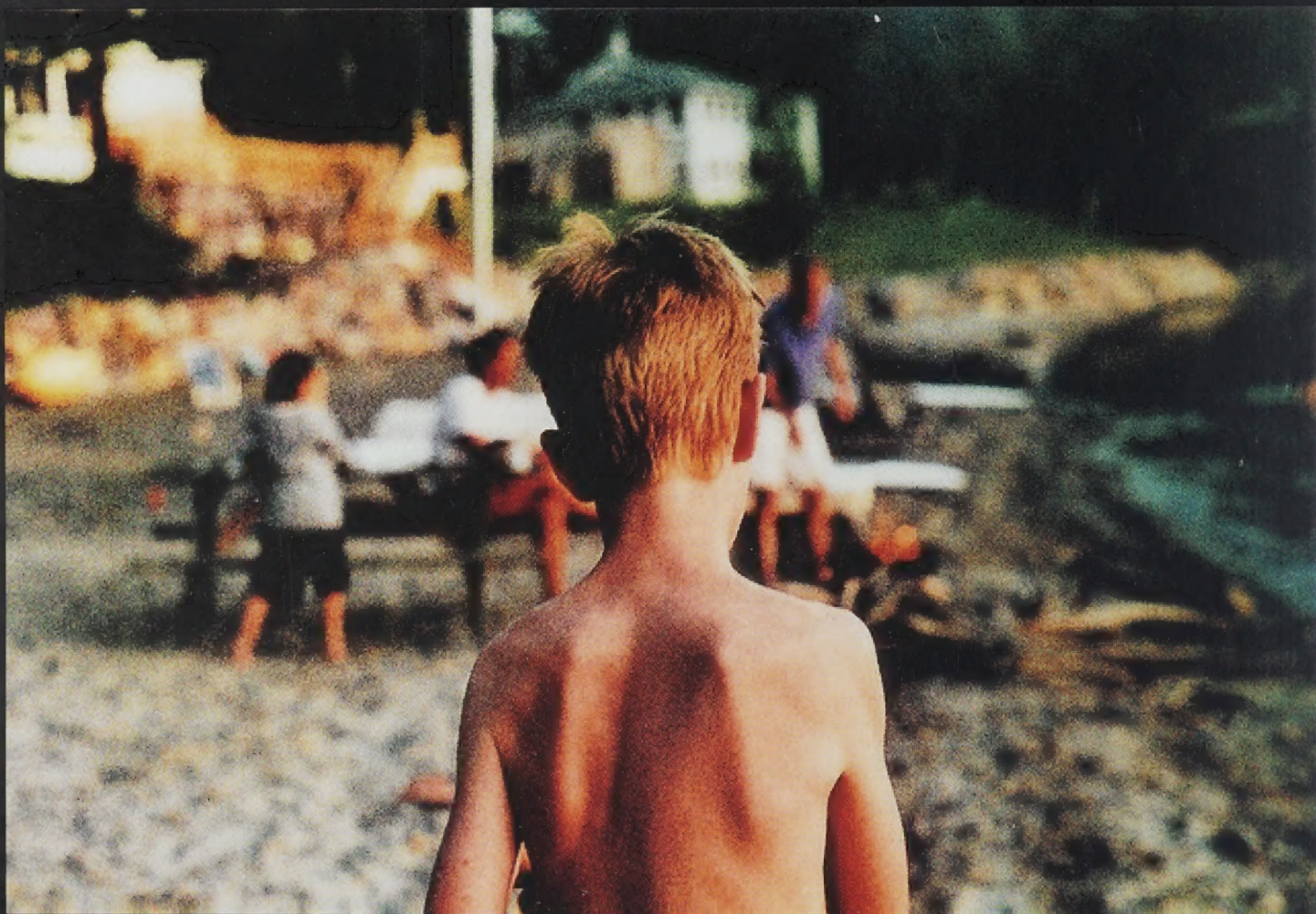


# *Inner*

Can't Stop  
Won't Stop  
Parents distraught  
Cause we're not the kids they wanted us to be  
You need to fit in  
Sixteen, and still haven't tasted gin?  
What a sin  
They give your life a negative spin  
Cause out here, what defines you is your kin  
And the shots you make  
Whether you can fake and take it  
To the basket for a 3  
You'll see  
Girls trade frills for thrills and high heels and boys with a set of wheels  
Guys skip class thinking they'll get stacks by putting rhymes to beats  
It's whack  
Should we blame the system? Where we come from?  
The slurs, the blurs, but we are our own cure  
If we put our minds first move along stay strong  
But in the dark of the night  
Who can see the line between right and wrong?

—Vivian Herbert, IV





*Alexander*

ONA LEPESKA-TRUE, III • FILM PHOTOGRAPHY







